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# IRISH SONGS



OLIVER DITSON COMPANY

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# IRISH SONGS

A COLLECTION OF AIRS  
OLD AND NEW

8054.733

EDITED AND THE PIANO ACCOMPANIMENTS  
ARRANGED BY

N. CLIFFORD PAGE

.75

OLIVER DITSON COMPANY  
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## PREFACE

IN the preparation of this volume the editor has sought:—First, to meet the demand for a goodly representation of the best loved songs of Ireland; second, to enrich the collection with some of the less known but equally beautiful airs; third, to supply accompaniments in keeping with the spirit of each song; and fourth, to present authentic versions of both text and music.

While the airs that have become most popular possess some peculiar attraction in rhythm, melody, or sentiment that has made them linger in the heart, there are other airs less direct, perhaps, in their appeal but more subtle in their charm. In the nature of things such airs are less widely known. Quite a sheaf of them are to be found in this volume. They possess uncommon beauty in music and text, together with the true Celtic flavor, and must appeal to lovers of the artistic in Folk Song everywhere.

Apart from the melodies of Old Ireland, some of the modern popular Irish songs have been incorporated.

The field of Irish music is large, and but a gleanings can be given in a single volume. The editor hopes that this work will give the public a small part, at least, of the pleasure it has given him in its preparation.

*M. Clifford Page.*

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# IRISH SONGS

## AS I WENT A-WALKING ONE MORNING IN SPRING

Old Irish Air

Arranged by N. CLIFFORD PAGE

*Moderato con moto*

1. As I went a - walk - ing one morn - ing in spring, To hear the birds  
 2. And as I drew nigh her I made a low jee, I asked her for  
 3. Then gent - ly I asked her if she would be mine, And help me to  
 4. I'll build my love a cot - tage at the end of this town, Where lords, dukes and

whis - tle, and night - in - gales sing, I . . heard a fair la - dy a -  
 par - don for mak - ing so free; My . heart, it re - lent - ed to  
 tend to my sheep and my kine; She . blushed as she an - swered in  
 earls . . shall not pull it down; If the boys they should ask you why

mak - ing great moan, . . Say - ing "I'm a poor stran - ger, and far from my own."  
 hear . . her moan, . . Say - ing "I'm a poor stran - ger, and far from my own."  
 sor - row - ful tone, . . "Be kind to the stran - ger, so far from her own."  
 you live a - lone, . . You can tell them you're a stran - ger, and far from your own.

*marcato.*

*colla voce.*

# BELIEVE ME IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS

THOMAS MOORE

*Allegro con moto* (♩ = 126)

Air: "My lodging is on the cold ground"

Arranged by J. B. WEKERLIN

1. Be - lieve me if all those en - dear - ing young charms Which I  
2. It is not while beau - ty and youth are thine own, And thy

gaze on so fond - ly to - day, . . . . .  
cheek un - pro - faned by a tear, . . . . .

Were to  
That the

change by to - mor - row and fleet in my arms, Like fair - y gifts fad - ing, a -  
fer - vor and faith of a soul can be known, To which time will but make thee more

# BELIEVE ME IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS

3

way, . . . . Thou would'st still be a - dored, as this mo - ment thou art, Let thy  
 dear, . . . . Oh, the heart that has tru - ly loved nev - er for - gets, But as

love - li - ness fade as it will, . . And a - round the dear ru - in, each  
 tru - ly loves on to the close; . As the sun - flow - er turns on her

wish of my heart Would en - twine it - self ver - dant - ly still. . . . .  
 god when he sets, The same look that she gave when he rose. . . . .

D.C.

## I LOVE MY LOVE IN THE MORNING

GERALD GRIFFIN

Air: "The Mountains High"  
 Arranged by N. CLIFFORD PAGE

Moderato *p* *legato*  
*mp* *espressivo* *p*  
 Ped. \*



## I LOVE MY LOVE IN THE MORNING

*mf*

1. I love my love in the morn - ing, For she, like morn, is fair; Her  
 2. I love my love in the morn - ing, I love my love at noon: For  
 3. I love my love in the morn - ing, I love my love at ev'n; Her

*p* *mf*

blush - ing cheek, its crim - son streak, Its clouds, her gold - en hair; Her  
 she is bright as the lord of light, Yet mild as au - tumn's moon: For  
 smile's soft play is like the ray That lights the west - ern heav'n: I

*dim.*

*cres.* *dim.* *poco rit. f*

glance, its beam, so soft and kind, Her tears, its dew - y show'rs; And her  
 beau - ty is my bo - som's sun, Her faith my fos - t'ring shade; And  
 lov'd her when the sun was high, I lov'd her when he rose, But

*mp* *cres.* *mf* *dim.* *p* *colla voce*

*dim.*

voice, the ten - der whis - p'ring wind That stirs the ear - ly bow'rs.  
 I will love my dar - ling one Till e'en the sun shall fade.  
 best of all when ev'n - ing's sigh Was mur - m'ring at its close.

*Last verse only*

*f* *dim.* *p* *pp* *pp* *morendo. ppp*

# 'TIS PRETTY TO BE IN BALLINDERRY

Old Irish Air  
Arranged by N. CLIFFORD PAGE

*Andantino*

1. 'Tis pret - ty to be in Bal - lin - der - ry, 'Tis pret - ty to be in  
2. — Oh, that I was in lit - tle Rams Is - land! Oh, that I was with

*f* *dim.* *mf*  
*The Bass well marked.*

Ag - ha - lee, 'Tis pret - tler to be in bon - ny Rams Is - land  
Phe - ly my di - a - mond! He . . . would whis - tle, and I . . . would sing, Till

*mf* *f* *dim.*

Sit - ting un - der an i - vy tree, Och hone! Och hone! Och hone! Och hone!  
we would make the whole Is - land ring, Och hone! Och hone! Och hone! Och hone!

*mf* *dim.* *f* *Lento.*

This number is of peculiar interest as it illustrates the use of the *Cronan* or drone bass. Note the two-measure phrase of introduction, which is continued in the bass of accompaniment up to the last four measures, when it is transferred to treble. The *Cronan* was sung softly by a chorus as an accompaniment to the solo voice, and in this particular song the chorus may have sung the last four measures full voice, an expression of general lamentation.



# THE CRUISKEEN LAWN

## "THE LITTLE JUG"

Old Irish Air

Arranged by N. CLIFFORD PAGE

*Allegretto con spirito*

1. Let the far - mer praise his grounds, Let the hun - ter praise his hounds, And the  
 2. Im - mor - tal and di - vine, Great Bac - chus, god of wine, Cre -  
 3. And when grim death ap - pears, In a few but pleas - ant years, To



shep - herd his sweet scent - ed lawn, But I more blest than they, Spend each  
 ate me by a - dop - tion your son; In hope that you'll com - ply, That my  
 tell me that my glass has run, I'll say "Be - gone, you knave! For great



hap - py night and day, With my charm - ing lit - tle cruiss - keen  
 glass shall ne'er run dry, Nor my smil - ing lit - tle cruiss - keen  
 Bac - chus gave me leave To take an - oth - er cruiss - keen



# THE CRUISKEEN LAWN

7

lawn, lawn, lawn, Oh, my charm - ing lit - tle cruisk - een lawn !  
 lawn, lawn, lawn, Oh, my charm - ing lit - tle cruisk - een lawn !  
 lawn, lawn, lawn, To take an - oth - er cruisk - een lawn !"

*tr.....*

## CHORUS ( MIXED VOICES OR SOLO )

*f*  
 Lit - tle jug, my heart's love, Bright health to my own dove ; Lit - tle jug, my own heart's  
 Gra - ma-chree ma-cruisk-keen, Slain - te-geal ma-vour-neen, Gra - ma-chree a cool - in

*f marcato*

*D.C.*  
 love, love, love, Oh ! Lit - tle jug, my own heart's love ! . . .  
 bawn, bawn, bawn, Oh ! Gra - ma-chree a cool - in bawn . . .

*D.C.*  
*sfz*

# THE DAWNING OF THE DAY

From the Irish by  
P. W. JORCE, LL.D.  
*Andante espress.*

Old Irish Air  
Arranged by N. CLIFFORD PAGE

*p*

*mf* *S:*

1. One morn - ing ear - ly as I walked forth, By the mar - gin of Lough  
2. No cap or cloak this maid - en wore, Her neck and feet were  
3. On a moss - y bank I sat me down, With this maid - en by my

*mp*

Lene; . . . . The sun - shine dress'd the trees in green, And  
bare. . . . . Down to the grass in ring - lets fell, Her  
side; . . . . With gen - tle words I court - ed her, And

*mf*

sun - mer bloomed a - gain; I left the town, and  
glos - sy gold - en hair. A milk - ing pail was  
asked her for my bride. She said, "Young man, don't

*mf*



# THE DAWNING OF THE DAY

9

*p*

wan - der'd on, Through fields all green and gay; And  
in her hand, She was love - ly, young and gay; She  
bring me blame, But let me go a - way, For

who should I meet, but my Col - leen - dhas, By the dawn - ing of the  
bore the palm from Ve - nus bright, By the dawn - ing of the  
morn - ing's light is shin ing bright, By the dawn - ing of the

*1 & 2* *D.S.:8:*

day. . . . .  
day. . . . .

*D.S.:8:*

*3*

day."

*mf poco dim. e rit.* *pp*

## THE FOGGY DEW

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

Old Irish Air

Arranged by N. CLIFFORD PAGE

*Andante molto* *p* *Con sentimento* *mf* *dim.*

*(The 2d verse to be sung with more animation)*

1. Oh! a wan cloud was drawn o'er the dim weep - ing dawn, As to  
 2. But the sud - den sun kissed the cold cru - el mist In - to

*p*

*rall.**a tempo*

Shan - non's side 'I re - turned at last; And the heart in my breast for the  
 dan - cing showers of dia - mond dew; And the dark flow - ing stream laughed

*colla voce* *a tempo*

girl I loved best Was beat - ing, ah beat - ing, how  
 back to his beam, And the lark soared sing - ing a -



# THE FOGGY DEW

11

*rall.*

*a tempo*

*cres.*

loud and fast! While the doubts and the fears of the  
loft in the blue; While no phan - tom of night but a

*colla voce*

*a tempo*

*cres.*

long, ach - ing years Seemed ming - ling their voi - ces with the  
form of de - light Stood with arms out - spread for her

*f*

*dim.*

moan - ing flood; Till full in my path, like a wild wa - ter wraith, My  
dar - ling boy; And the girl I love best, on my wild throb - ing breast Hid her

*f*

*dim.*

true love's shad - ow la - ment - ing stood.  
thou - sand treasures with a cry of joy.

*rall.*

*D.S.*

*dim.*

*a poco . . . . . FINE*

*colla voce*

# THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME

SAMUEL LOVER

SAMUEL LOVER

Arranged by N. CLIFFORD PAGE

*Moderato*

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, marked *Moderato*. It begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic, followed by a mezzo-forte (*mf*) section, and ends with a decrescendo (*dim.*) to a final chord.

1. The hour was sad, I left the maid, A lin - g'ring fare - well tak - ing, Her
2. Then to the East we bore a - way To win a name in sto - ry, And
3. Full man - y a name our ban - ners bore Of for - mer deeds of dar - ing, But
4. The hope of fi - nal vic - to - ry With - in my bos - om burn - ing, Is

The piano accompaniment for the first verse is in 2/4 time, marked *mf*. It features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand.

sighs and tears my steps de - layed, I thought my heart was break - ing; In  
 then warm dawn the sun of day, There dawned our sun of glo - ry, Both  
 they were of the days of yore, In which we had no shar - ing; But  
 min - gling with sweet thoughts of thee, And of my fond re - turn - ing; But

The piano accompaniment for the second verse continues the melody and bass line from the first verse, maintaining the *mf* dynamic.

hur - ried words her name I blest, I . . breathed the vows that bind me, And  
 blazed in noon on Al - ma's height, Where in the post as - signed me, I  
 now, our lau - rels fresh - ly won, With the old ones shall en - twined be, Still  
 should I ne'er re - turn a - gain, Still worth thy love thou'lt find me, Dis -

The piano accompaniment for the third verse continues the melody and bass line, ending with a final chord in the right hand and a sustained bass note in the left hand.

## THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME

to my heart in an - guish pressed The girl I left be - hind me.  
 shared the glo - ry of that fight, Sweet girl I left be - hind me.  
 wor - thy of our sires, each son, Sweet girl I left be - hind me.  
 hon - or's breath shall nev - er stain The name I'll leave be - hind me.

## HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED?

THOMAS MOORE  
*Andantino*

Air : "Sly Patrick"  
 Arranged by J. B. WEKERLIN

*mf*

*p*

1. Has
2. Has
3. Has
4. If

sor - row thy young days shad - - ed, As clouds o'er the morn - ing  
 love to that soul so ten - - der Been like our La - ge - nian  
 Hope, like the bird in the sto - - ry, That flit - ted from tree to  
 thus the sweet hours have fleet - - ed, When sor - row her - self look'd

*simile*



## HAS SORROW THY YOUNG DAYS SHADED?

fleet? . . . . Too . fast have those young days fad - - ed, That  
 mine, . . . . Where spar - kles of gold - en splen - - dor, All  
 tree . . . . With the tal - is-man's glit - ter - ing glo - - ry - Has  
 bright; . . . . If . . thus the fond hope . has cheat - - ed, That

e - ven in sor - row were sweet. . . . Does Time with his cold wing  
 o - ver the sur - - face shine? . . . . But if in pur - suit we go  
 Hope been that bird . to thee? . . . . On branch af - ter branch a -  
 led thee a - long . so light; . . . . If thus the un - kind world

with - - er Each feel - ing that once was dear? . . . . Come,  
 deep - - er, Al - lur'd by the gleam that shone, . . . . Ah!  
 light - - ing, The gem did she still dis - play, . . . . And, when  
 with - - er Each feel - ing that once was dear; - . . . . Come,

child of mis - for - tune! hith - er, I'll weep with thee tear for tear. . . . .  
 false as the dream of the sleep - er, Like love, the bright ore is gone. . . . .  
 near - est and most in - vit - - ing, Then waft the fair gem a - way. . . . .  
 child of mis - for - tune! come hith - er, I'll weep with thee, tear for tear. . . . .

D.C.

D.C.

## JENNY

Adapted by ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

Old Irish Air

*Allegretto*

Arranged by N. CLIFFORD PAGE

*mf*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat major/D minor) and a 2/4 time signature. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment in bass clef. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto' and the dynamic is 'mf'.

1. With laugh - ing looks I once a - rose, How dark so - e'er the day; Now  
 2. Nor flocks, nor herds, nor store of gold, Nor broad es - tate have I; If  
 3. Yet I'll be rich, if you'll be kind, And once a - gain a - gree To

*mf* *p*

The first system of the song features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The lyrics are for three different verses. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of 'mf' and a crescendo leading to 'p'.

sad - ly ev - 'ry sun - burst shows, For joy has fled a - way, Jen - ny; For  
 beau - ty must be bought or sold, A - las! I can - not buy, Jen - ny; A -  
 bear me still in lov - ing mind, Till I've a home for thee, Jen - ny; A

*p*

The second system continues the vocal and piano accompaniment. The piano part has a dynamic marking of 'p'.

joy has fled a - way! . . .  
 las! I can - not buy. . . .  
 home till death for thee. . . .

*D.S. 8:*

The third system concludes the vocal and piano accompaniment for the first part of the song. The piano part has a dynamic marking of 'pp'.

*Like an echo* *D.S. 8:*

*pp*

The piano solo section is marked 'Like an echo' and 'D.S. 8:'. It features a piano accompaniment in both hands, with a dynamic marking of 'pp'.

\* Text adapted from an old song



## THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS

THOMAS MOORE  
*Moderato espressivo*

Air: "Gramachree"  
Arranged by N. CLIFFORD PAGE

The piano introduction is in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major. The right hand features a delicate, flowing melody with grace notes and slurs. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The tempo is marked 'Moderato espressivo' and the dynamics include 'p' (piano) and 'delicato'.

*delicato.*  
*p*  
Ped. \* Ped. \*

The first system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line has two verses. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

1. The harp that once through Ta - ra's halls The soul of mu - sic  
2. No more to chiefs and la - dies bright The harp of Ta - ra

The second system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line.

shed, Now hangs as mute on Ta - ra's walls As if that soul were  
swells; The chord a-lone that breaks at night, Its tale of ru - in

The third system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment concludes with chords and a bass line.

fled. So sleeps the pride of form - er days, So glo - ry's thrill is  
tells. Thus Free - dom now so sel - dom wakes; The on - ly throb she

o'er, . . . . And hearts that once beat high for praise, Now  
gives . . . . Is when some heart, in - dig - nant, breaks, To

feel that pulse no more. . . .  
show that still she lives! . . .

*D.S. &*

*p*

## IN DUBLIN'S FAIR CITY

Old Irish Air

Arranged by N. CLIFFORD PAGE

*Moderato con vigore*

*f* *sempre ben marcato* *ff* *p* *f*

1. In Dub - lin's fair cit - y where the girls are so  
2. She was a fish mon - ger, and sure 'twas no

*mf*

## IN DUBLIN'S FAIR CITY

pret - ty, 'Twas there I first met my sweet Kit - ty Ma - lone. She wheel'd her wheel -  
won - der, For so were her fa - ther and moth - er al - so. They each wheel'd their

bar - row thro' the streets broad and nar - row, Cry - ing "Mus - sels and cock - les, a -

live, a - live, Oh ! A - live, a - live, Oh ! A - live, a - live, Oh !' Cry - ing "Mussels and

cock - les, a - live, a - live, Oh !'

*D.S. :8:*

*D.S. :8:*

*mf* *poco dim.* *p*



*Meno mosso*  
*p con dolore*

3. But she caught a bad "fa-ver" and noth-ing could save her, And that was the

*Meno mosso*

*pp misterioso*

end of poor Kit-ty Ma-lone. But her ghost wheels its bar-row Thro' the streets broad and nar-row, Cry-ing

*molto rit.*

*Tempo 1mo.*

"Mus-sels and cock-les, a-live, a-live, Oh!

A-live, a-live, Oh!

A-

*molto. rit.*

*Tempo 1mo.*

live, a-live, Oh!"

Cry-ing "Mussels and cock-les,

a-live, a-live, Oh!"

*ff* *colla voce*

*sfz*

## REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIEN THE BRAVE

(WAR SONG)

THOMAS MOORE

*In broad march time*

Air: "Molly Macalpin"

Arranged by N. CLIFFORD PAGE

*f*

*mf*

1. Re - mem - ber the glo - ries of Bri - en the brave, Tho' the  
 2. Mo - no - nia, when na - ture em - bel - ished the tint Of thy  
 3. For - get not our wound - ed com - pan - ions who stood In the

*mf*

*dim. e rall.* *mf a tempo*

days of the he - ro are o'er; . . . Tho' lost to Mo - no - nia, and  
 fields and thy moun - tains so fair, . . . Did she ev - er in - tend that a  
 day of dis - tress by our side; . . . While the moss of the val - ley grew

*dim. e rall.* *mf a tempo*

cold in the grave, He re - turns to Kin - ko - ra no more! . . . That  
 ty - rant should print The . . . foot - step of sla - ver - y there? . . . No,  
 red with their blood, They . . . stirr'd not, but con - quer'd and died! . . . The



## REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIEN THE BRAVE

star of the field, which so of - ten has pour'd Its beam on the bat-tle, is set; But e - free-dom, whose smile we shall nev - er re - sign, Go, tell our in - val - ers, the Danes, That 'tis sun that now bless - es our arms with his light, Saw them fall up - on Os - o - ry's plain :- Oh !

*rall.* *f* *a tempo* *D.C.*

nough of its glo - ry re - mains on each sword, To light us to vic - to - ry yet. sweet - er to bleed for an age at thy shrine, Than to sleep but a mo - ment in chains. let him not blush, when he leaves us to - night, To find that they fell there in vain !

*rall.* *a tempo* *D.C.*

## THE PRETTY GIRL MILKING HER COW

\*Origin of verses unknown

Air: "The Pretty Girl Milking Her Cow"

Arranged by N. CLIFFORD PAGE

*Moderato*

*f*

1. 'Twas on a bright morn - in' in sum - mer, That I first heard his  
2. I have not the man - ners or gra - ces Of the girls in the  
3. The sum - mer has yield - ed to au - tumn, And the dai - sies and

*mf*

\* There are many text settings to this melody, the one we give is perhaps the best known. Moore's verses will be found under the title "The valley lay smiling before me," in which the same melody is written in different time, and is most probably authentic.


## THE PRETTY GIRL MILKING HER COW


voice spak - in' low, As he said to a col - leen be - side him, "Who's that  
world where ye move, I have not their beau - ti - ful fa - ces, But  
clo - ver - tops fade, And the cat - tle come home from the pas - tures, Then

pur - ty girl milk - ing her cow?" Och! man - y times oft - en ye met me, And  
oh! I've a heart that can love; If it please ye I'll dress me in sat - in, And  
say, do ye love me in - dade? Sure your love will not fade like the sum - mer, But

told me that I should be Your darl - ing A - cush - la A - lan - na Ma -  
jew - els I'll put on my brow; But och! don't be af - ther for - get - tin' Your  
ev - er your col - leen will be, Your darl - ing A - cush - la A - lan - na Ma -

vour - neen, A - sui - lish Ma - chree.  
pur - ty girl milk - ing her cow.  
vour - neen, A - sui - lish Ma - chree.

D.S. 

D.S. 

FINE

## KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN

ANNIE BARRY CRAWFORD  
*Andante e penseroso*

Frederick N. Crouch (1808-1898),  
Revised and Edited by N. CLIFFORD PACE

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. It begins with a piano (p) dynamic. The right hand features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The first system of the song features the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Kath - leen Ma-vour - neen! the grey dawn is break-ing, . . The". The piano part continues with a steady accompaniment.

The second system continues the song. The lyrics are: "horn of the hun - ter is heard . . on the hill; The lark from her". The piano accompaniment remains consistent.

The third system concludes the song. The lyrics are: "light wing the bright . dew is shak - ing, Kath-leen . . Ma-vour - neen! what,". The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord.



## KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN

slum - b'ring still ! Oh,

*mf dolce* *dim.* *p* *mf*



## KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN

years, and it may be for - ev - er ; Then why . . . art thou si - lent,

*mf*  
Kath - leen Ma - vour - neen.

*mf* *mf* *mf*  
Kath - leen Ma - vour - neen ! a - wake from thy slum - bers ; . . The blue mountains

*mf*  
glow in . . . the sun's gold - en light ; Ah ! where is the

## KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN

spell that once hung on my num-bers? A - rise in thy

beau-ty, thou star of my night, A - rise . . . in thy beau-ty, thou

*cres.* *slentando*

star . . . of my night. Ma -

*tempo* *rall.*

*con amore* *a tempo* *p* *f* *mf*

your - neen, Ma - vour-neen, my sad tears are fall-ing, To think that from

## KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN

E - rin and thee I must part; It may be for years, and it

*pp*

may be for - ev - er; Then why art thou si - lent, thou voice of my

*mf*

heart, It may . . be for years, and it may be for - ev - er; Then

*Semplice.*

*mf*

why art thou si - lent, Kathleen Ma-vourneen?

*Espressivo*

*Rallent dim.*

*mf*



# THE KERRY DANCE

Words and music by J. L. MOLLOY

*Vivace*

*f* *rit.*

*Briskly*

*mf*

1. O the days of the Ker - ry danc - ing, O the ring of the pi - per's tune!  
 2. Was there ev - er a sweet - er col - leen In the dance than Ei - ly Moore!

*Briskly*

*mf*

O for one of those hours of glad - ness, Gone, a - las! like our youth too soon;  
 Or a proud - er lad than Tha - dy, As he bold - ly took the floor!

When the boys be - gan to gath - er in the glen of a sum - mer night,  
 "Lads and lass - es to your pla - ces, up the mid - dle and down a - gain."

And the Ker - ry pi - per's tun - ing made us long with wild de - light:  
Ah! the mer - ry heart - ed laugh - ter ring - ing thro' the hap - py glen!

*riten.* *a tempo*  
O to think of it, O to dream of it, Fills my heart with tears! O the days of the

Ker - ry danc - ing, O the ring of the pi - per's tune! O for one of those

*rall.* *1st verse only*  
hours of glad - ness, gone, a - las! like our youth too soon.

*colla voce* *Tempo 1mo.* *ril.*

## THE KERRY DANCE

*Piu lento.*

Time goes on, . . and the hap - py years are dead, . And one by

one . . the mer - ry hearts have fled. . Si - lent now . is the

wild and lone - ly glen, . Where the bright glad laugh . will ech - o ne'er a -

gain. On - ly dream - ing of days gone by, fills my heart with tears.



# THE KERRY DANCE

31

*Lento*

*p*  
Lov - ing voi - ces of old com - pan - ions, steal - ing out of the past once more,

And the sound of the dear old mu - sic, soft and sweet as in days of yore:

*poco accel.*

When the boys be - gan to gath - er, in the glen, of a sum - mer night,

*poco accel.*

*sempre cres.*

And the Ker - ry pi - per's tun - ing, made us long with wild de - light;

*sempre cres.*

## THE KERRY DANCE

O to think of it, O to dream of it fills my heart with tears!

O the days of the Ker - ry danc - ing, O the ring of the

*più lento al fine*  
pi - per's tune! O for one of those hours of glad - ness,  
*colla voce*

gone, a - las! like our youth, too . . . soon! . . .  
*Ped.* \*

# AVENGING AND BRIGHT

THOMAS MOORE

Air: "Crooghan a Venee"  
Arranged by MICHAEL WILLIAM BALFE

1. A - veng - ing and bright fall the swift sword of E - rin, On  
2. By the red cloud that hung o - ver Con - or's dark dwell - ing,\* When  
3. We swear to re - venge them! - no joy shall be tast - ed, The  
4. Yes, mon - arch! tho' sweet are our home re - col - lec - tions, Tho'

him who the brave sons of Us - na be - tray'd! For ev - 'ry fond eye which he  
Ul - ad'st three cham-pions lay sleep - ing in gore— By the bil - lows of war, which so  
harp shall be si - lent, the maid - en un - wed, Our halls shall be mute, and our  
sweet are the tears that from ten - der-ness fall; Tho' sweet are our friend-ships, our

wa - ken'd a tear in, A drop from his heart-wounds shall weep o'er her blade.  
of - ten, high swell - ing, Have waft - ed these he - roes to vic - to - ry's shore!  
fields shall lie wast - ed, 'Till ven - geance is wreck'd on the mur - der - er's head!  
hopes and af - fec - tions, Re - venge on a ty - rant is sweet - est of all!

The name of this beautiful and truly Irish air, is, it is said, properly written *Cruachán na Féine*, i.e., the Fenian mount, or mount of the Finnian heroes.

The words of this song were suggested by the very ancient Irish story called "Deirdri, or the lamentable fate of the sons of Usnach," which has been translated literally from the Gaelic, by Mr. O'FLANAGAN. The treachery of Conor, king of Ulster, in putting to death the three sons of Usna, was the cause of a desolating war against Ulster, which terminated in the destruction of Eman. "This story (says Mr. O'FLANAGAN) has been from time immemorial, held in high repute as one of the three tragic stories of the Irish. These are 'The death of the Children of Touran,' 'The death of the Children of Lear' (both regarding Tuatha da Danans) and this, 'The death of the Children of Usnach,' which is a Milesian story." For the story of the Children of Lear or Lir: see "Silent, oh Movie!"

\* "O Naisi! view the cloud that I here see in the sky! I see over Eman green a chilling cloud of blood-tinged red." *Deirdri's Song.*

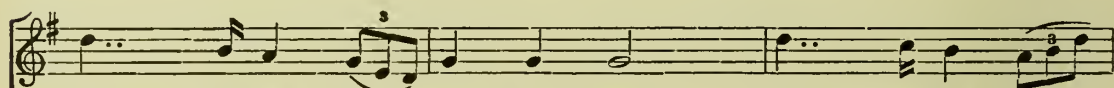
† Ulster.



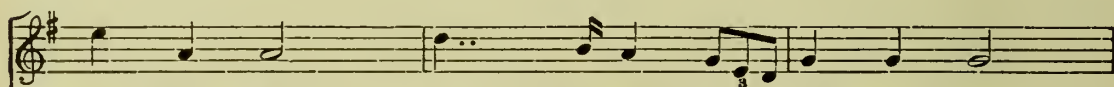
## KILLARNEY

From "Innisfallen"  
Moderato.

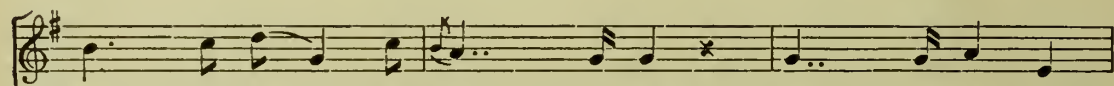
MICHAEL WILLIAM BALFE



- |       |               |       |      |         |            |          |              |
|-------|---------------|-------|------|---------|------------|----------|--------------|
| 1. By | Kil-lar-ney's | lakes | and  | fells,  | Em - 'rald | isles    | and .        |
| 2. In | - - nis-fal-  | len's | ru - | in'd    | May        | sug-gest | a . .        |
| 3. No | place         | else  | can  | charm   | With       | such     | bright and . |
| 4. Mu | - sic         | there | for  | Ech - o | Makes      | each     | sound a . .  |



wind - ing	bays,	Moun -	tain	paths,	and	wood -	land	dells,
pass - ing	sigh,	But	man's	faith	can	ne'er	de -	cline
va - ried	tints;	Ev -	'ry	rock	that	you	pass	by,
har - mo -	ny;	Man -	y	voic'd	the	cho -	rus	swells,



Mem - 'ry	ev -	er	fond - -	ly	strays;	Boun -	teous	na -	ture
Such	God's	won -	ders	float -	ing	by;	Cas -	tle	Lough
Ver -	dure	broid -	ers	or	be-sprints;	Vir -	gin	there	the
Till	it	faints	in	ec - -	sta - sy;	With	the	charm -	ful



loves all lands; Beau - ty wan - ders ev - 'ry - where, Foot-prints leaves on  
 Glen - na Bay, Moun - tains Tore, and Ea - gles Nest, Still at Mu - cross  
 green grass grows, Ev - 'ry morn springs na - tal day, Bright-hued ber - ries  
 tints be - low, Seems the heav'n a - bove to vie; All rich col - ors

*rall.* *dim. pp a tempo*

man - y strands, But her home is . . sure - ly there! An - gels fold their  
 you must pray, Though the monks are . . now at rest. An - gels won - der  
 daff the snows, Smil - ing win - ter's frown a - way. An - gels oft - en  
 that we know, Tinge the cloud - wreaths in that sky. Wings of an - gels

*colla voce* *rit.* *pp a tempo*

wings and rest In that E den of the west,  
 not that man There would fain pro - long life's span,  
 paus - ing there Doubt if E - den were more fair,  
 so might shine, Glanc - ing back soft light di - vine,

*cres.* *f*

Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - - ney, Ev - er fair Kil - lar - ney.

## LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD

THOMAS MOORE  
*Moderato con spirito*

Air: "The Red Fox"  
Arranged by N. CLIFFORD PAGE

*dim.*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a series of chords and eighth-note patterns, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The piece begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic.

1. Let E - rin re - mem - ber the days of old, Ere her faith - less sons be -  
2. On Lough Neagh's bank, as the fish - er - man strays, When the clear cold eve's de -

The piano accompaniment for the first vocal line consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and eighth-note patterns, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The piece begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic.

trayed her; When Má - la - chi wore the col - lar of gold, Which he  
clin - ing, He sces the round tow'rs of oth - er days In the

The piano accompaniment for the second vocal line consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and eighth-note patterns, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

won from the proud in - vad - - er; When her kings, with stand - ard of  
wave be - neath him shin - - ing; Thus shall mem - 'ry oft - en, in

The piano accompaniment for the third vocal line consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords and eighth-note patterns, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The piece begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic.



*dim.*

green un - furl'd, Led the Red - Branch knights to dan - ger; Ere the  
dreams sub - lime, Catch a glimpse of the days that are o - ver; Thus,

*dim.*

*f* *rit. e dim.*

em - 'rald gem of the west - ern world Was set in the crown of a stran - ger.  
sigh - ing, look thro' the waves of Time For the long fad - ed glo - ries they cov - er.

*f* *colla voce e dim.*

# THE LITTLE RED LARK

Old Irish Air

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

Arranged by C. VILLIERS STANFORD

*Allegretto.* *mf*

1. Oh swan of slen - der-ness, Dove of ten - der-ness,  
2. The dawn is dark to me, Hark! oh hark to me,

*p* *pp*

Jew - el of joys, a - rise! . . . The lit - tle red lark, Like a soar - ing spark Of  
Pulse of my heart, I pray! . . . And out of thy hid - ing With blush - es glid - ing,

## THE LITTLE RED LARK

song, to his sun-burst flies; . . But till thou'rt ris - en, Earth is a pris - on  
 Daz - zle me with thy day. . . Ah, then once more to thee Fly - ing I'll pour to thee

Full of my lone-some sighs; . Then a - wake and dis - cov - er To thy fond lov - er The  
 Pas - sion so sweet and gay, . . The lark shall lis - ten, And dew - drops glis - ten

morn of thy matchless eyes. . .  
 Laughing on ev - 'ry spray. . .

*p* *pp*

## LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM

THOMAS MOORE

Air: "The Old Woman"  
 Arranged by N. CLIFFORD PAGE

*Allegretto scherzando*

*f* *mf*

1. Oh! the days are gone when
2. Tho' the bard to pur - er
3. No,—that hal - low'd form is

beau - ty bright My heart's chain wove; When my dream of life from  
fame may soar When wild youth's past; Tho' he win the wise, who  
ne'er for - got, Which first - love trac'd; Still it ling - 'ring haunts the

morn till night Was love, still love; New hope may bloom and  
frown'd be - fore, To smile at last; He'll nev - er meet a  
green - est spot On mem - 'ry's waste; 'Twas o - dor fled as

days may come Of mild - er, calm - er beam; But there's noth - ing half so sweet in life, As  
joy so sweet, In all his noon of fame, As when first he sang to wom - an's ear, His  
soon as shed, 'Twas morn - ing's wing - ed dream; 'Twas a light that ne'er can shine a - gain On

*slentando a tempo* *ritardando*  
love's young dream, No, there's noth - ing half so sweet in life As love's young dream.  
soul - felt flame, And at ev - 'ry close she blush'd to hear The one lov'd name.  
life's dull stream, 'Twas a light that ne'er can shine a - gain On life's dull stream.  
*rit.* *a tempo* *colla voce*



## THE LOW-BACKED CAR

Words and music by SAMUEL LOVER

Arranged by N. CLIFFORD PAGE

*Allegretto e scherzando*

First system of piano introduction. Treble and bass staves in 6/8 time, key of B-flat major. Dynamics: *mf* and *cres.*

Second system of piano introduction. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *f* and *p*.

1. When first I saw sweet Peg-gy, 'Twas on a mar-ket day; A  
 2. In bat-tle's wild com-mo-tion, The proud and might-y Mars, With  
 3. Sweet Peg-gy round her car, sir! Has strings of ducks and geese, But the  
 4. I'd rath-er own that car, sir! With Peg-gy by my side, Than a

Piano accompaniment for the first verse. Treble and bass staves. Dynamics: *p* and *sempre staccato e leggiero.*

low-back'd car she drove, and sat Up-on a truss of hay; But  
 hos-tile scythes de-mands his tythes Of death, in war-like cars. But  
 scores of hearts she slaugh-ters, By far out-num-ber these; While  
 coach and four, and gold ga-lore And a la-dy for my bride; For the

Piano accompaniment for the second verse. Treble and bass staves.

# THE LOW-BACKED CAR

41

when that hay was bloom - ing grass, And deck'd with flow'rs of spring, No  
Peg - gy, peace - ful god - dess, Has darts in her bright eye, That  
she a - mong her poul - try sits, Just like a tur - tle dove, Wel:  
la - dy would sit for - ninst me, On a cush - ion made with taste, While

flow - er was there, that could com - pare, To the bloom - ing girl I sing! As she  
knock men down in the mar - ket town, As right and left they fly; While she  
worth the cage, I do en - gage, Of the bloom - ing god of love! While she  
Peg - gy would sit be - side me, With my arm a - round her waist: As we

sat in her low - back'd car, The man at the turn - pike bar, Nev - er  
sits in her low - back'd car, Than bat - tle more dan - g'rous far, For the  
sits in her low - back'd car, The lov - ers come near and far, And  
drove in the low - back'd car, To be mar - ried by Fa - ther Maher; Oh, my

ask'd for the toll, But just rubb'd his auld poll, And look'd af - ter the low - back'd car.  
doc - tor's art Can - not cure the heart, That is hit from the low - back'd car.  
en - vy the chick - en, That Peg - gy is pickin' While she sits in her low - back'd car.  
heart would beat high At her glance and her sigh, Tho' it beat in a low - back'd car.

*rall.* *a tempo* *D.S.*  
*rall.* *a tempo* *D.S.* *sfz FINE*

## THE MEETING OF THE WATERS\*

THOMAS MOORE

Air: "The Old Head of Dennis"

Arranged by N. CLIFFORD PAGE

*Andante con moto*

*p espress*

The piano introduction is in G major, 6/8 time. It features a flowing melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand, both marked with a piano (*p*) and expressive (*espress*) dynamic.

1. There is not in this wide world a val - ley so sweet As that  
 2. Yet it was not that na - ture had shed o'er the scene Her . .  
 3. 'Twas that friends, the be - lov'd of my bos - om, were near, Who made  
 4. Sweet Vale of A - vo - ca! how calm could I rest, In thy

The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand, marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

vale in whose bo - som the bright wa - ters meet,† Oh! the  
 pur - est of crys - tal and bright - est of green; 'Twas  
 ev - 'ry dear scene of en - chant - ment more dear; And who  
 bo - som of shade, with the friends I love best; Where the

The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand, marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic.

\* The "meeting of the waters" forms a part of that beautiful scenery which lies between Rathdrum and Arklow, in the county of Wicklow; the lines were suggested to Moore during a visit to the spot in 1807.

† The rivers Avon and Avoca.



last rays of feel - ing, and life must de - part, Ere the  
not the soft ma - gic of stream - let or hill; Oh !  
felt how the best charms of na - ture im - prove, When we  
storms which we feel in this cold world would cease, And our

bloom of that val - ley shall fade from my heart; Ere the  
no, it was some - thing more ex - quis - ite still :- Oh !  
see them re - flect - ed from looks that we love, When we  
hearts, like thy wa - ters, be min - gled in peace, And our

*rit.*  
bloom of that val - ley shall fade from my heart.  
no — it was some - thing more ex - quis - ite still : —  
see them re - flect - ed from looks that we love.  
hearts, like thy wa - ters, be min - gled in peace.

*colla voce* *a tempo* *dim. e rit.* *D.S.*  
*mf* *p FINE*

## THE MINSTREL BOY

THOMAS MOORE  
*Moderato con spirito*

Air: "The Moreen"  
Arranged by N. CLIFFORD PAGE

The piano introduction is in B-flat major, 2/4 time. It begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and features a melody in the right hand with a descending line and a bass line with a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The piece concludes with a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking.

1. The Min - strel - Boy to the war is gone, In the ranks of death you'll  
2. The Min - strel fell! but the foe - man's chain Could not bring that proud soul

The piano accompaniment for the first vocal line is in B-flat major, 2/4 time. It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line with a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The dynamic is marked *mf* (mezzo-forte).

find . . . him; His fa - ther's sword he hath gird - ed on, And his  
un - - der; The harp he lov'd ne'er . spoke a - gain, For he

The piano accompaniment for the second vocal line is in B-flat major, 2/4 time. It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line with a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

wild harp slung be - hind . . him; "Land of Song!" said the  
tore its chords a - sun - - der; And said "No chains shall .

The piano accompaniment for the third vocal line is in B-flat major, 2/4 time. It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line with a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The dynamic is marked *con anima* and *simile*.

war - rior bard, "Tho' all the world be - trays . . . thee, One  
sul - ly thee, Thou soul of love and brav - - 'ry! Thy

*rit.* *f*

*rit.* *f*

sword, at least, thy rights shall guard, One . . . faith - ful harp shall  
songs were made for the pure and free, They shall nev er sound in . .

*a tempo* *rit.*

*a tempo* *colla voce.*

praise . . . thee! "  
slav - 'ry! " (After 2nd Verse only)  
*Maestoso*

*D.C.* *f*

*D.C.*

## MOLLY BAWN

SAMUEL LOVER

SAMUEL LOVER

Arranged by N. CLIFFORD PAGE

*Andante non troppo e grazioso*

*mf*



## MOLLY BAWN

1. O Mol - ly Bawn, why leave me pi - ning, All lone - ly wait - ing here for  
 2. Now the pret - ty flow'rs were made to bloom, dear, And the pret - ty stars were made to

you? shine, While the stars a - bove are bright - ly shin - ing— Be -  
 And the pret - ty girls were made for the boys, dear, And

cause they've noth - ing else to do; The flow - ers, late were o - pen  
 may be you were made for mine. The wick - ed watch - dog here is

keep - ing, To try a ri - val blush with you; But their moth - er, Na - ture, set them  
 snarl - ing, He takes me for a thief you see, For he knows I'd steal you, Mol - ly

*p*

*cres.*

*f*

*dim.*

*rall.* *ad lib.* *a tempo*

sleep - ing, With their ro - sy fa - ces wash'd with dew. O Mol - ly Bawn, why leave me  
dar - ling — And then trans - port - ed I should be. O Mol - ly Bawn, why leave me

*mf* *rall.* *a tempo*

pi - ning, All lone - ly wait - ing here for you? The stars a - bove are bright - ly

*p* *mf*

*poco rit.*

shin - ing, Be - cause they've noth - ing else to do, . . . Mol - ly Bawn, . . . Mol - ly

*rit. colla voce*

*a tempo*

Bawn ! . . .

*a tempo* *mf* *sfz*

*D.S. 3/8* *1* *2*

# MY LOVE'S AN ARBUTUS

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

Old Irish Melody

Arranged by C. VILLIERS STANFORD

*Allegretto con moto*

*p legato*

1. My love's an ar -  
2. But tho' rud - dy the

bu - tus By the bor - ders of Lene, So slen - der and shape - ly In her  
ber - ry And snow - y the flow'r, That bright - en to - ge - ther The

gir - dle of green. And I meas - ure the pleas - ure Of her eyes' sap - phire  
ar - bu - tus bow'r, Per - fum - ing and bloom - ing Thro' sun - shine and

sheen By the blue skies that spar - kle Thro' the soft branch - ing screen.  
show'r Give me her bright lips And her laugh's pearl - y dow'r.



*pp*

3. A - las, fruit and

*rall.*

blos - som Shall lie dead on the lea, And Time's jeal - ous fin - gers Dim your

*rall.*

*cres.* *f*

young charms, Ma - chree. But un - rang - ing, un - chang - ing You'll still cling to

*cres.* *f*

me, Like the ev - er-green leaf To the ar - bu - tus tree. . . . .

*dim.* *p* *dim.*

## FAREWELL! BUT WHENEVER YOU WELCOME THE HOUR

THOMAS MOORE

*Andante con moto*

Air: "Moll Roone"

Arranged by N. CLIFFORD PAGE

*p con molto espressione*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a series of eighth-note chords and single notes, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

1. Fare - well ! but when - ev - er you wel - come the hour That a  
 2. And still on that eve - ning, when pleas - ure fills up, To the  
 3. Let fate do her worst, there are rel - ics of joy, Bright

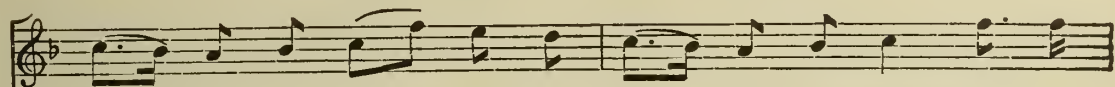
The first system shows the vocal melody on a single staff and the piano accompaniment on a grand staff. The lyrics are aligned with the vocal line. The piano part includes a 'p' dynamic marking.

wak - ens the night-song of mirth in your bow'r, Then think of the friend who once  
 high - est top spar - kle each heart and each cup, Wher - e'er my path lies, be it  
 dreams of the past, which she can - not de - stroy ; Which come in the night-time of

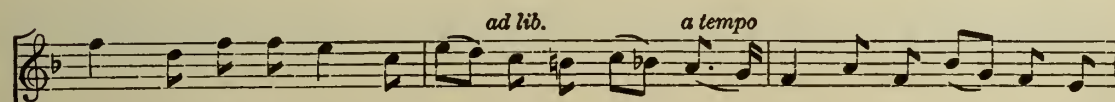
The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a 'p' dynamic marking.

wel - com'd it too, And for - got his own griefs to be hap - py with you, His  
 gloom - y or bright, My soul, hap - py friends, shall be with you that night ; Shall  
 sor - row and care, And bring back the feat - ures that joy used to wear. Long,

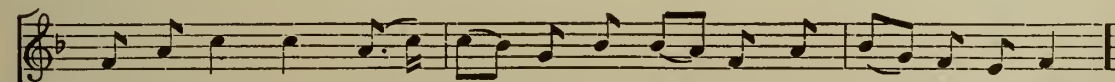
The third system shows the final part of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes a 'p' dynamic marking.



griefs . may re - turn, . not a hope may re - main Of the  
 join . in your re - vels, your sports, and your wiles, And re -  
 long . be my heart with such mem - o - ries filled, Like the



few that have bright-en'd his path-way of pain. But he ne'er will for - get the short  
 turn to me, beam-ing all o'er with your smiles, Too blest, if it tells me that  
 vase in which ros - es have once been dis - tilled, You may break, you may shat - ter the



vis - ion that threw Its en - chant-ment a - round him while lin - g'ring with you.  
 'mid the gay cheer, Some kind voice had mur-mur'd, "I wish he were here!"  
 vase, if you will, But the scent of the ros - es will hang round it still.





## OFF TO PHILADELPHIA

Words revised and edited by  
STEPHEN TEMPLER

Adapted from an old Irish Air, by  
BATTISON HAYNES  
Arranged by N. CLIFFORD PAGE

## Animato

1. My name is Pad - dy Lea - ry, From a spot call'd Tip - per - a . ry, The  
2. There's a girl call'd Kate Ma - lone, Whom I'd hoped to call my own, And to  
3. When they told me I must leave the place, I tried to keep a cheer - ful face, For to

hearts	of	all	the	girls	I	am	a	thorn . . . .	in',	But	be -
see	my	lit -	tle	cab -	in	floor	a -	dorn . . . .	in',	But	my
show	my	heart's	deep	sor -	row	I	was	scorn -	in',	But	the

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The music is in 4/4 time and consists of 16 measures. The melody starts with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note B-flat4, and a quarter note G4. The accompaniment starts with a quarter note G2, followed by a quarter note A2, a quarter note B-flat2, and a quarter note G2. The melody continues with a quarter note F4, a quarter note E4, a quarter note D4, and a quarter note C4. The accompaniment continues with a quarter note F2, a quarter note E2, a quarter note D2, and a quarter note C2. The melody ends with a quarter note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, a quarter note B-flat4, and a quarter note G4. The accompaniment ends with a quarter note G2, followed by a quarter note A2, a quarter note B-flat2, and a quarter note G2.

fore the break of morn, Faith! 'tis they'll be all for - lorn, For I'm  
 heart is sad and wea - ry, How can she be Mis - sis Lea - ry, If I  
 tears will sure - ly blind me For the friends I lave be - hind me, When I

# OFF TO PHILADELPHIA

53

*f* CHORUS *ad lib.*

off to Phil - a - del - phia in the morn - in'. Wid my bun - dle on my shoul - der,  
 shtart for Phil - a - del - phia in the morn - in'. Wid my bun - dle on my shoul - der,  
 shtart for Phil - a - del - phia in the morn - in'. But tho' my bun - dle on my shoul - der,

*f marcato.*

Faith! there's no man could be boul - der, I'm lav - in' dear ould Ire - land wid - out  
 Faith! there's no man could be boul - der, I'm lav - in' dear ould Ire - land wid - out  
 And there's no man could be boul - der, Tho' I'm lav - in' now the shpot that I was

warn - - - in', For I late - ly took the no - tion For to  
 warn - - - in', For I late - ly took the no - tion For to  
 born . . . . . in, Yet some day I'll take the no - tion To come

*D.C.*

cross the bri - ny o - cean, And I shtart for Phil - a - del - phia in the morn - in'  
 cross the bri - ny o - cean, And I shtart for Phil - a - del - phia in the morn - in'.  
 back a - cross the o - cean, To my home in dear ould Ire - land in the morn - in'.

*colla voce.*

*Ped.* \*

## OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT

THOMAS MOORE  
*Andantino quasi calmato*

Sir JOHN STEVENSON?  
Arranged by A. LA MEDA

*p* *Dolce*

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

The piano introduction is in B-flat major, 4/4 time, marked *p* and *Dolce*. It features a gentle melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand, with pedaling indicated by asterisks.

1. Oft in the stil - ly night, Ere slum - ber's chain has bound me, Fond mem - 'ry  
2. When I re - mem - ber all The friends, so link'd to - geth - er, I've seen a -

The vocal melody is in B-flat major, 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

brings the light Of oth - er days a - round me; The smiles, the tears, of  
round me fall, Like leaves in win - try weath - er; I feel like one who

The vocal melody continues with the same melodic pattern. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and a bass line.

child - hood's years, The words of love then spo - ken, The eyes that shone now  
treads a - lone Some ban - quet hall de - sert - ed, Whose lights are fled, whose

The vocal melody concludes the phrase. The piano accompaniment features a more active bass line in the final measures.

When this song first appeared in 1818, the melody was called "Scots Air," but it is possibly the composition of Sir John Stevenson, the musical collaborator with Thomas Moore.



dim'd and gone, The cheer - ful hearts now bro - ken! Thus, in the  
gar - lands dead, And all but he de - part - ed! Thus, in the

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

stil - ly night, Ere slum - ber's chain has bound me, Sad mem - 'ry

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

brings the light Of oth - er days a - round me.

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

*mf* *D.S.:* *FINE.*

## OH! I'M NOT MYSELF AT ALL

SAMUEL LOVER

SAMUEL LOVER

Arranged by N. CLIFFORD PAGE

*Allegretto moderato*

1. Oh! I'm not my - self at all, Mol - ly  
 2. Oh! I'm not my - self at all, Mol - ly  
 3. Oh! my shad - ow on the wall, Mol - ly  
 4. I'll be not my - self at all, Mol - ly

dear, Mol - ly dear, I'm not my - self at all; Noth - ing  
 dear, Mol - ly dear, My ap - pe - tite's so small; I  
 dear, Mol - ly dear, Is - n't like my - self at all; For I've  
 dear, Mol - ly dear, 'Till you my own I call; Since a

car - ing, noth - ing know - ing, 'Tis af - ter you I'm go - ing,  
 once could pick a goose, But now but - tons is no use,  
 got so ver - y thin, My - self says 'tis - n't him!  
 change o'er me there came, Sure you might change your name,

Faith your shad - ow 'tis I'm grow - ing. Mol - ly dear, Mol - ly dear, And I'm  
 Faith my tight - est coat is loose, Mol - ly dear, Mol - ly dear, And I'm  
 But that pur - ty girl so slim, Mol - ly dear, Mol - ly dear, And I'm  
 And 'twould just come to the same, Mol - ly dear, Mol - ly dear, Oh, 'twould

not my-self at all. Th'oth-er day I went con-fess-in', And I  
 not my-self at all. If . . . thus it is I waste, You'd  
 not my-self at all. If . . . thus I small-er grew, All  
 just come to the same. For if you and I were one, All con-

ask'd the fa-ther's bless-in', But says I, "Don't give me one en-  
 bet-ter, dear, make haste, Be-fore your lov-er's gone a-way en-  
 fret-ting, dear, for you, 'Tis you should make me up the de-  
 fu-sion would be gone, And 't would sim-ply the mat-ther en-

tire-ly, For I fret-ted so last year, But the half o' me is here, So  
 tire-ly; If you don't soon change your mind Not a bit of me you'll find, And  
 fic-tion-ey; So, . . . just let Fa-ther Taaf Make you my bet-ter half, And  
 tire-ly, And 't would save us so much bother, When we'd both be one an-other, So

*D.C. Intro.*

give the oth-er half to Mol-ly Bri-er-ly:" Oh! I'm not my-self at all.  
 what 'ud you think of that, Mol-ly Bri-er-ly?" Oh! I'm not my-self at all.  
 you will not the worst of the ad-di-tion be: Oh! I'm not my-self at all.  
 lis-ten now to ray-son, Mol-ly Bri-er-ly: Oh! I'm not my-self at all.

*D.C. Intro*



# RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE

THOMAS MOORE

*Andante con moto*

Air: "The Summer is Coming"

Arranged by N. CLIFFORD PAGE

*mf*

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

*f* *dim.* *a poco* *e* *ritard.* *p*

1. Rich and rare were the gems she wore, And a  
 2. "La - dy, dost thou not fear to stray, So  
 3. "Sir Knight, I feel not the least a - larm, No  
 4. On she went, and her maid - en smile, In

*a tempo*

*mf* *sempre legato*

bright gold ring on her wand she bore; But oh! her  
 lone and love - ly thro' this bleak way? Are E - rin's  
 son of E - rin will of - fer me harm; For though they love  
 safe - ty light - ed her round the green isle; And blest for -

This ballad is founded upon the following anecdote:—"The people were inspired with such a spirit of honor, virtue, and religion, by the great example of Brien, and by his excellent administration, that, as a proof of it, we are informed that a young lady of great beauty, adorned with jewels and a costly dress, undertook a journey alone from one end of the kingdom to the other, with a wand only in her hand, at the top of which was a ring of exceeding great value; and such an impression had the laws and government of this monarch made on the minds of all the people, that no attempt was made upon her honor, nor was she robbed of her clothes or jewels."—WARNER'S HISTORY OF IRELAND, Vol. I., Book 10.

beau - ty was far . . . be - yond Her spark - ling gems or  
sons . . . so good or so cold, As not to be tempt - ed by  
wo - man and gold - en store, Sir Knight, they love hon - or and  
ev - er is she who re - lied Up - on E - rin's hon - or and

snow - white wand. But oh! her beau - ty was far . . . be -  
wo - man or gold? Are E - rin's sons . . . so good or so  
vir - tue more! For though they love wo - man and gold - en  
E - rin's pride. And blest for - ev - er is she who re -

yond Her spark - ling gems or snow - white wand.  
cold, As not to be tempt - ed by wo - man or gold? "  
store, Sir Knight, they love hon - or and vir - tue more! "  
lied Up - on E - rin's hon - or and E - rin's pride.

*p* *molto espressivo* *rit.* *pp*

# SILENT, O MOYLE, BE THE ROAR OF THY WATER

(SONG OF FIONNUALA\*)

THOMAS MOORE

Air: "My dear Eveleen"  
Arranged by N. CLIFFORD PAGE

*Andante mosso**mf*

1. Si - lent, O Moyle! be the      roar of thy wa - ter,      Break not, ye breez-es! your  
2. Sad - ly, O Moyle! to thy      win - ter wave weep - ing,      Fate bids me lan-guish long

chain of re - pose, While, mur - mur - ing mourn - ful - ly,      Lir's lone - ly daugh-ter  
a - ges a - way; Yet still in her dark - ness doth      E - rin lie sleep - ing,

Tells to the night star her tales of woes.  
Still doth the pure light its dawn - ing de-lay!

When shall the swan, her  
When will that day star,

*mf*

\* Fionnuala, the daughter of Lir, was by some supernatural power transformed into a swan, and condemned to wander for many hundred years over certain lakes and rivers, in Ireland, till the coming of Christianity, when the first sound of the Mass-bell was to be the signal of her release.



death - note sing - ing, Sleep with wings in dark - ness furl'd ?  
mild - ly spring - ing, Warm our isle with peace and love ?

When will heav'n, its sweet bell ring - ing, Call my spi - rit from this  
When will heav'n, its sweet bell ring - ing, Call my spi - rit to the

storm - y world ? fields a - bove ?

## THO' DARK ARE OUR SORROWS (THE PRINCE'S DAY)

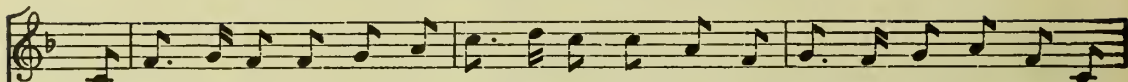
THOMAS MOORE

Air: "St. Patrick's Day"

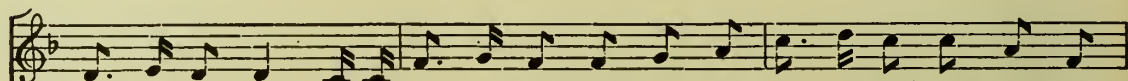
Arranged by A. LA MEDA

*Con spirito*  
*f*

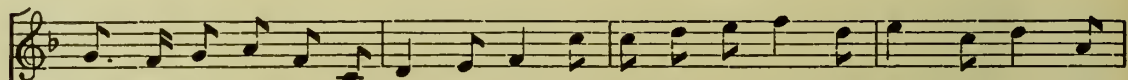
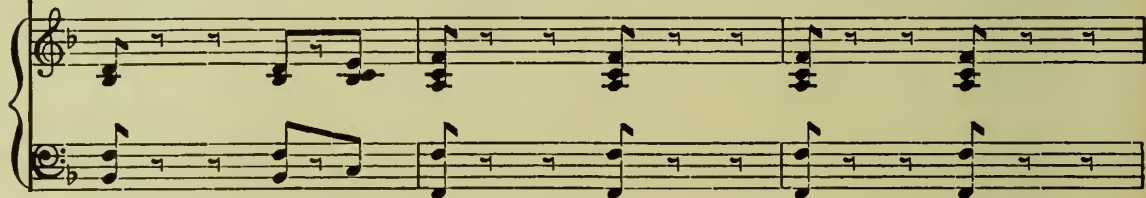
## THO' DARK ARE OUR SORROWS



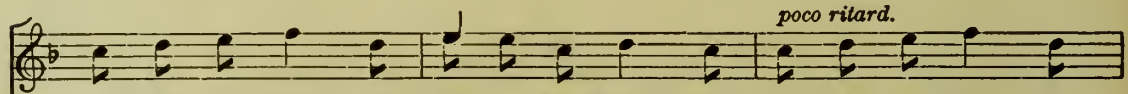
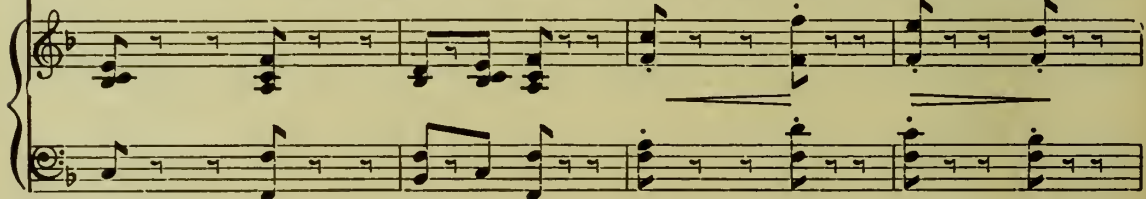
1. Tho' dark are our sor - rows, to - day we'll for - get them, And smile thro' our tears like a
2. Con - tempt on the min - ion who calls you dis - loy - al! Though fierce to your foe, to your
3. He loves the Green Isle, and his love is re - cord - ed In hearts which have suf - fered too



sun - beam in show'rs; There nev - er were hearts, if our rul - ers would let them, More  
friends you are true; And the trib - ute most high to a heart that is loy - al, Is  
much to for - get; And hope shall be crown'd, and at - tach - ment re - ward - ed, And



form'd to be grate - ful and blest than ours! But just when the chain Has ceased to pain, And  
love from a heart that loves lib - erty too. While cow - ards, who blight Your fame, your right, Would  
E - rin's gay ju - bi - lee shine out yet. The gem may be broke By many a stroke, But



hope has en - wreath'd it round with flow'rs, There comes a new link, Our  
shrink from the blaze of bat - tle ar - ray, The stan - dard of Green In  
noth - ing can cloud its na - tive ray; Each frag - ment will cast A



These verses were written for a *fete* in honor of the Prince of Wales' birthday.

*a tempo*

spi - rit to sink! Oh! the joy that we taste, like the light of the poles, Is a  
front would be seen, Oh, my life on your faith! were you sum - moned this min - ute, You'd  
light to the last— And thus E - rin my coun - try, tho' bro - ken thou art, There's a

*a tempo*

flash a - mid dark - ness, too bril - liant to stay; But tho't were the last lit - tle  
cast ev - 'ry bit - ter re - mem - b'rance a - way, And show what the arm of old  
lus - ter with - in thee, that ne'er will de - cay: A spi - rit which beams thro' each

spark in our souls, We must light it up now, on our Prin - ce's Day.  
E - rin has in it, When rous'd by the foe on her Prin - ce's Day.  
suf - fer - ing part, And now smiles at all pain on her Prin - ce's Day.

*f**ff*



# SAINT PATRICK'S DAY

M. J. BARRY

1

Oh! blest be the days when the Green Banner floated,  
 Sublime o'er the mountains of free Innisfail,  
 When her sons to her glory and freedom devoted,  
 Defied the invader to tread her soil.  
 When back o'er the main they chased the Dane,  
 And gave to religion and learning their spoil,  
 When valor and mind, together combined,  
 But wherefor lament o'er the glories departed?  
 Her star shall shine out with as vivid a ray,  
 For ne'er had she children more brave and true-hearted,  
 Than those she now sees on St. Patrick's day.

2

Her sceptre, alas! passed away to the stranger,  
 And treason surrendered what valor had held;  
 But true hearts remained amid darkness and danger,  
 Which, spite of her tyrants, would not be quelled.  
 Oft, oft, through the night flashed gleams of light,  
 Which almost the darkness of bondage dispelled;  
 But a star now is near, her heaven to cheer,  
 Not like the wild gleams which so fitfully darted,  
 But long to shine down its hallowing ray,  
 On daughters as fair, and sons as true-hearted,  
 As Erin beholds on St. Patrick's day.

3

Oh! blest be the hour, when begirt by her cannon,  
 And hailed as it rose by a nation's applause,  
 The flag waved aloft o'er the spire of Dungannon,  
 Asserting for Irishmen, *Irish Laws*.  
 Once more shall it wave, o'er hearts as brave,  
 Despite of the dastards who mock at her cause,  
 And like brothers agreed, whatever their creed,  
 Her children, inspired by those glories departed,  
 No longer in darkness desponding will stay,  
 But join in her cause like the brave and true-hearted,  
 Who rise for their rights on St. Patrick's day.

## THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING

THOMAS MOORE

Air: "Pease upon a trencher"  
 Arranged by N. CLIFFORD PAGE

S:

*Allegretto grazioso*

sf *p* sf *p* sf *p* sf *p* mp

1. The time I've lost in  
 2. Her smile when Beau-ty  
 3. And are these fol-lies

# THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING

65

woo-ing, In watch-ing and pur-su-ing The light that lies In wo-man's eyes, Has  
grant-ed, I hung with gaze en-chant-ed, Like him, the Sprite,\* Whom maids by night Oft  
go-ing? And is my proud heart grow-ing Too cold or wise For bril-liant eyes A-

been my heart's un-do-ing. Tho' Wis-dom oft has sought me, I  
meet in glen that's haunt-ed. Like him, too, Beau-ty won me, But  
gain to set it glow-ing? No—vain, a-las! th'en-deav-or From

*sfz p*

scorn'd the lore she brought me, My on-ly books Were wo-man's looks, And  
while her eyes were on me, If once their ray Was turn'd a-way, O  
bonds so sweet to sev-er; Poor wis-dom's chance A-gainst a glance Is

fol-ly's all they taught me!  
winds could not out-run me.  
now as weak as ev-er.

1, 2 D.S. *f* 3

fol-ly's all they taught me!  
winds could not out-run me.  
now as weak as ev-er.

1, 2 D.S. *f* 3.

\* This alludes to a kind of Irish fairy, which is to be met with, they say, in the fields at dusk;—as long as you keep your eyes upon him, he is fixed, and in your power; but the moment you look away (and he is ingenious in furnishing some Inducement) he vanishes.

# 'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

THOMAS MOORE

Air: "The Groves of Blarney"

Arranged by N. CLIFFORD PAGE

*Andante con espress*

1. 'Tis the last rose of  
2. I'll not leave thee, thou  
3. So soon may I

sum - mer, Left bloom - ing a - lone; . . All her love - ly . . com -  
lone one, To pine . . . on the stem, . Since the love - ly . . are  
fol - low When friend - ships de - cay; . And from Love's shin - ing

pan - ions Are fad - - ed and gone; No flow'r . . of her  
sleep - ing, Go, sleep . . . thou with them. Thus kind - ly I'll  
cir - cle The gems . . . drop a - way! When true hearts lie

The air is best known as *The Groves of Blarney*, but among other versions may be mentioned *The Young Man's Dream*, *Castle Hyde*, *The Cottage adjoining the Fall*, etc., and it is said that the verses *Bells of Shandon*, were originally written to the same air. With a German translation of Moore's verses, it was introduced in Flotow's opera *Martha*, and this arrangement is most widely known at the present day.



## 'TIS THE LAST ROSE OE SUMMER

*ril. a poco* *a tempo*

kin-dred, No rose . . . bud is nigh . . . To re-lect back her  
 scat-ter, Thy leaves . . o'er the bed, . . . Where thy mates of the  
 with-er'd, And fond . . . ones are flown, . . . Oh! who would in .

*colla voce* *p*

*poco ril.* *a tempo* *D.S. 3:*

blush-es, Or give . . . sigh for sigh.  
 gar-den Lie scent - less and dead.  
 hab-it This bleak . . . world a-lone?

*colla voce* *a tempo p* *Delicato* *ril.* *FINE*  
*Ped.*

We give *B natural* at this point, as popular tradition demands it; but unquestionably the note was *B flat* originally, according to the scale used in early Celtic music.

## THE VALLEY LAY SMILING BEFORE ME

(SONG OF O'RUARK, PRINCE OF BREFFNI)

THOMAS MOORE

Air: "The Pretty Girl Milking Her Cow"

Arranged by N. CLIFFORD PAGE

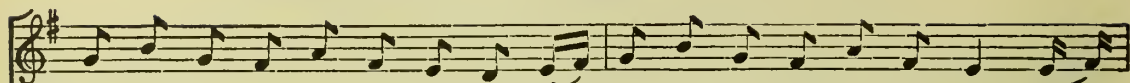
*Allegretto*

1. The  
 2. I  
 3. There  
 4. Al -

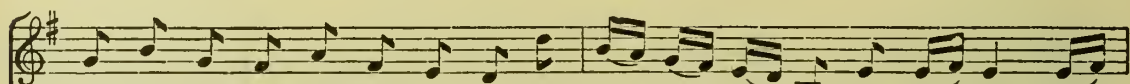
*f*

These stanzas are founded upon an event of melancholy importance; if, as we are told by Irish historians, it gave England the first opportunity of dividing, conquering, and enslaving Ireland. The following are the circumstances, as related by O'Halloran. "The King of Leinster had long conceived a violent affection for Dearbhorgil, daughter to the King of Meath, and though she had been for some time married to O'Ruark, Prince of Breffni, yet it could not restrain his passion. They carried on a private correspondence, and she informed him that O'Ruark intended soon to go on a pilgrimage (an act of piety frequent in those days), and conjured him to embrace that opportunity of conveying her from a husband she detested to a lover she adored. Mac Murchad too punctually obeyed the summons, and had the lady conveyed to his capital of Ferns"—The monarch Roderic espoused the cause of O'Ruark, while Murchad fled to England and obtained the assistance of Henry II.

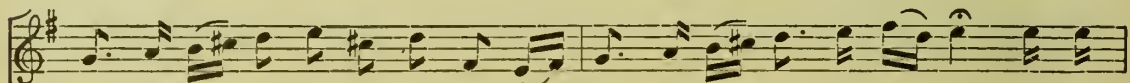
## THE VALLEY LAY SMILING BEFORE ME



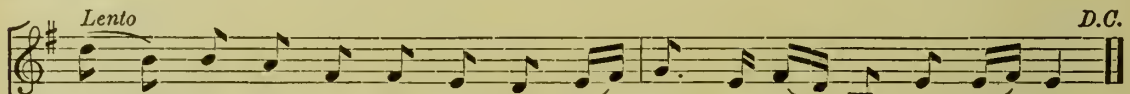
val - ley lay smil - ing be - fore me, Where late - ly I left it be - hind; Yet I  
flew to her cham - ber, 'twas lone - ly, As if the lov'd ten - ant lay dead; Ah! .  
was a time, fals - est of wo - men! When Breff - ni's good sword would have sought That .  
rea - dy, the curse is up - on her, And stran - gers her val - leys pro - fane; They



trem - bled, and something hung o'er me That sad - den'd the joy of my mind. I .  
would it were death, and death on - ly, But no, the young false one had fled. And  
man, though a mil - lion of foe - men, Who dar'd but to doubt thee in thought! While  
come to di - vide, to dis - hon - or, And ty - rants they long will re - main! But



look'd for the lamp which she told me Should shine, when her pil - grim re - turned; But tho'  
there hung the lute that could soft - en My ve - ry worst pains in - to bliss, While the  
now - oh! de - gen - er - ate daugh - ter Of E - rin, how fall'n is thy fame! And through  
on - ward! the green ban - ner rear - ing, Go, flesh ev - 'ry sword to the hilt; On our



dark - ness be - gan to en - fold me, No lamp from the bat - tle - ments burn'd.  
hand that had wak'd it so oft - en, Now throbb'd to a proud ri - val's kiss.  
a - ges of bond - age and slaugh - ter, Thy coun - try shall bleed for thy shame.  
side . . is Vir - tue and E - rin, On theirs is the Sax - on and Guilt.



# OH! MY SWEET LITTLE ROSE

## (ROISIN DUBH)

Translated from the Irish by  
THOMAS FURLONG  
*Andante con espressione*

Old Irish Air  
Arranged by N. CLIFFORD PAGE

1. Oh! my sweet lit - tle
2. There's no flow - er that e'er
3. The moun - tains, high and

rose, cease to pine for the past, For the friends that come east - ward shall  
bloom'd can my rose ex - cel, There's no tongue that e'er mov'd half my  
mis - ty, thro' the moors must go, The riv - ers run back - ward, and the

see thee at last; They bring bless - ings, they bring fa - vors which the past nev - er  
love can tell; Had I strength, had I skill the wide world to sub -  
lakes o - ver-flow; And the wild waves of old o - cean wear a crim - son

knew, To pour forth in glad - ness on my Rois - in Dubh.\*  
due, Oh! the queen of that wide world should be Rois - in Dubh. (Last verse only)  
hue, E'er the world sees the ru - in of my Rois - in Dubh. *Lento*

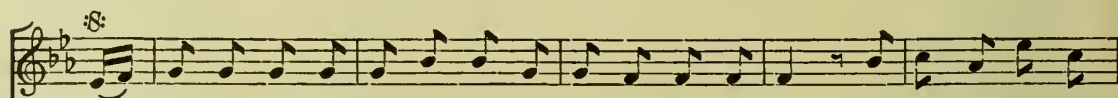
\* Dubh pronounced due.



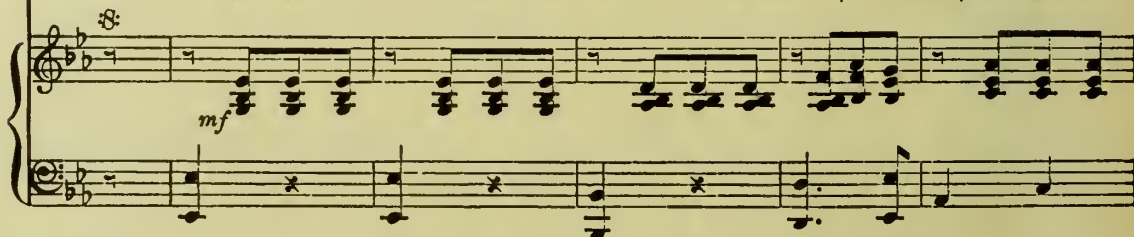
## WEARIN' OF THE GREEN

Text attributed to DION BOUCICAULT

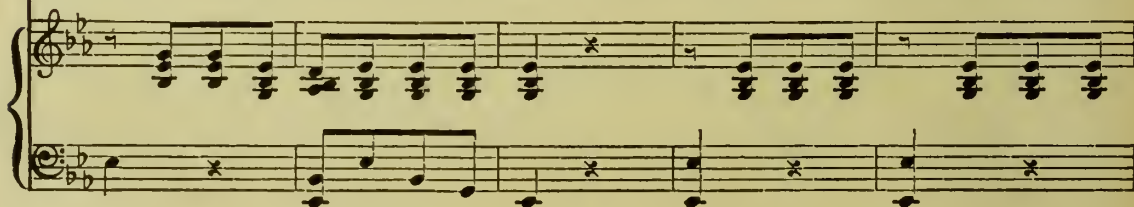
Origin of Air, uncertain

*Allegretto*

1. O Pad - dy dear, and did you hear the news that's go - ing round, The Sham-rock is for -  
 2. Then since the col - or we must wear, is Eng-land's cru - el red; Sure Ire-land's sons will  
 3. But if at last our col - or should be torn from Ire-land's heart, Her sons, with shame and



bid by law, to grow on I - rish ground; And Saint Pat-rick's day no more we'll keep, His  
 ne'er for - get the blood that they have shed; You may take the sham-rock from your hat, and  
 sor - row from the dear ould soil will part; I've heard whis-per of a coun - try, that lies



col - or can't be seen,  
 cast it on the sod,  
 far be - yant the say,

For there's a blood - y law a - gainst the wear - ing of the  
 But 'twill take root and flour - ish still, tho' un - der foot 'tis  
 Where rich and poor stand e - qual in the light of free - dom's



This song was sung throughout Ireland subsequently to 1798, and there are several versions of text and melody. The melody is generally believed to be an adaptation of a March, "The Tulip," composed by James Oswald in 1757.

## WEARIN' OF THE GREEN

71

green, I met with \*Nap - per Tan - dy and he took me by the hand, And he  
trod, When the law can stop the blades of grass from grow - ing as they grow, And  
day. O . . E - rin, must we lave you, driv - en by the ty - rant's hand, Must we

said "How's poor ould Ire - land, and how does she stand?" She's the  
when the leaves in sum - mer - time their ver - dure dare not show, Then  
ask a moth - er's wel - come from a strange but hap - pier land, Where the

most dis - tress - ful coun - try, that ev - er you have seen, They're hang - ing men and  
I will change the col - or I wear in my cor - been, But till that day, please  
cru - el cross of Eng - land's thral - dom nev - er shall be seen, And where, thank God, we'll

wom - en there for wear - in' of the green.  
God, I'll stick to wear - in' of the green.  
live and die, still wear - in' of the green.

D.S.

\* Some versions give *Buonaparte* in place of *Napper Tandy*.

## WE MAY ROAM THRO' THIS WORLD

THOMAS MOORE  
*Allegretto con spirito*

Air: "Garryowen" \*  
Arranged by A. LA MEDA

Piano introduction in 6/8 time, marked *f* (forte). The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand.

1. We may roam thro' this world, like a child at a feast, Who but sips of a sweet, and then  
2. In . . Eng - land the gar - den of beau - ty is kept By a drag - on of prud - er - y  
3. In . . France, when the heart of a wo - man sets sail, On the o - cean of wed - lock its

Piano accompaniment in 6/8 time, marked *mf* (mezzo-forte). The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand.

flies to the rest, And when pleas - ure be - gins to grow dull in the east, We may  
plac'd with-in call; But so, oft this un - am - ia - ble drag - on has slept, That the  
for - tune to try, Love . sel - dom goes far in a ves - sel so frail, But just

Piano accompaniment in 6/8 time, marked *mf* (mezzo-forte). The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand.

or - der our wings and be off to the west; But if hearts that feel and eyes that smile, Are the  
gar - den's but care - less - ly watched aft - er all. Oh! they want the wild, sweet, brier - y fence, Which  
pi - lots her off, and then bids her good-bye. While the daughters of E - rin keep the boy Ev - er

Piano accompaniment in 6/8 time, marked *mf* (mezzo-forte). The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand.

\* Garryowen (Owen's Garden) is a suburb of Limerick



dear - est gifts that heav'n sup-plies, We nev - er need leave our own green isle, For  
 round the flow'rs of E - rin dwell; Which warms the touch, while win - ning the sense, Nor  
 smil - ing be - fore his faith - ful oar. Thro' bil - lows of woe and beams of joy, The

sen - si - tive hearts and for sun - bright eyes. Then re - mem - ber when - ev - er your  
 charms us least when it most re - pels. Then re - mem - ber when - ev - er your  
 same as he looked when he left the shore. Then re - mem - ber when - ev - er your

gob - let is crowned, Thro' this world, wheth - er east - ward or west - ward you roam, When a

cup to the smile of dear wo - man goes round, Oh, re - mem - ber the smile which a - dorns her at home.

1 & 2 D.S.  $\text{♩}$  3 *sffz*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a single melodic line for the voice and a piano accompaniment consisting of two staves (treble and bass clef). The score is divided into several systems, each containing a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano part includes various musical notations such as chords, arpeggios, and dynamic markings like *sffz* (sforzando fortissimo). The score concludes with a double bar line and a final chord.

## WIDOW MACHREE

*Allegretto scherzando*Words and Music by SAMUEL LOVER  
Arranged by N. CLIFFORD PAGE

Piano introduction in G major, 6/8 time. The music is marked *Allegretto scherzando*. Dynamics include *p* (piano), *sfz* (sforzando), *f* (forte), and *mf* (mezzo-forte).

1. Wid - ow Ma - chree, 't is no won - der you frown, Och hone!
2. Wid - ow Ma - chree now the sum - mer is come, Och hone!
3. Wid - ow Ma - chree, and when win - ter comes in, Och hone!
4. How do you know, with the com - forts I've towld, Och hone!
5. Take my ad - vice, dar - ling Wid - ow Ma - chree. Och hone!

Piano accompaniment for the first vocal entry, marked *p* (piano).

*ril.* (rallentando)

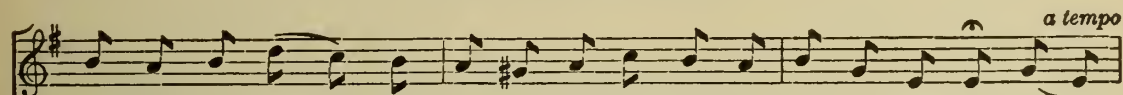
Wid - ow Ma - chree, Faith it ru - ins your looks, that same dir - ty black gown,  
 Wid - ow Ma - chree, When ev - 'ry - thing smiles should a beau - ty look glum?  
 Wid - ow Ma - chree, To 'be pok - ing the fire all a - lone is a sin,  
 Wid - ow Ma - chree, But you're keep - ing some poor fel - low out in the cowl'd,  
 Wid - ow Ma - chree, And with my ad - vice, faith I wish you'd take me,

Piano accompaniment for the second vocal entry.

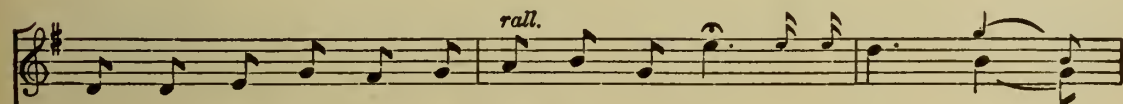
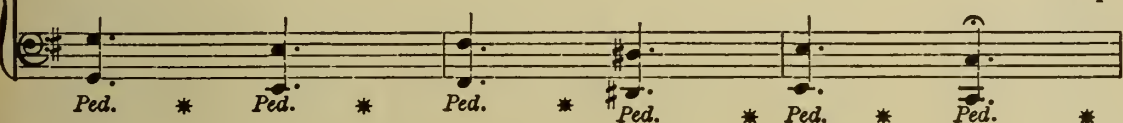
*rall.* (rallentando)

Och hone! Wid - ow Ma - chree! How al - ter'd your air, With that  
 Och hone! Wid - ow Ma - chree, See the birds go in pairs, And the  
 Och hone! Wid - ow Ma - chree, Why the shov - el and tongs, To each  
 Och hone! Wid - ow Ma - chree, With such sins on your head, Sure you're  
 Och hone! Wid - ow Ma - chree, You'd have me to de - sire Then to

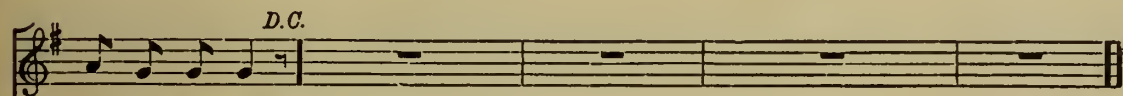
Piano accompaniment for the final vocal entry, marked *colla voce* (in the voice) and *Ped.* (pedal).



close cap you wear, 'Tis de - stroy - ing your hair That should be flow - ing free, Be no  
 rab - bits and hares, Why e - ven the bears Now in coup - les a - gree, And the  
 oth - er be - longs, And the kit - tle sings songs Full of fam - i - ly glee ; While a -  
 peace would be fled, Could you sleep in your bed With - out think - ing to see Some  
 stir up the fire, And sure hope is no li - ar In whis - pering to me That the



lon - ger a churl Of its black silk - en curl, Och hone ! .  
 mute lit - tle fish Tho' they can't spake, they wish, Och hone ! .  
 lone with your cup, Like a her - mit you sup, Och hone ! .  
 ghost or some sprite, That would wake you each night, Cry - ing, Och hone ! .  
 ghosts would de - part When you'd me near your heart, Och hone ! .



Wid - ow Ma - chree !





# WHEN SHE ANSWERED ME HER VOICE WAS LOW

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

Old Irish Air

Arranged by C. VILLIERS STANFORD

*rall. a tempo cres.**Adagio**p*

1. When she an - swered me her voice was low, But  
eyes looked back the love in mine, Not

*p**colla voce.**cres.*

min - strel nev - er matched his chords To such a wealth of war - bled words In Te -  
E - rin's self up - on my sight Has start - ed out of storm - y night, With a

*rall.*1  
*a tempo.**p*2  
*a tempo. un poco animato*

mo - ra's pal - ace long a - go.  
blu - er wel - come o'er the

2. When her  
brine.

*colla voce.**cres.*

3. And no oth - er orbs shall e'er e - clipse That mag - ic look of maid - en

*cres.**rall. molto.*

love, And nev - er song my soul shall move Like that low sweet an - swer of her lips.

*dim.**pp rall. molto.*

# WOULD GOD I WERE THE TENDER APPLE BLOSSOM

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON

*Andante*

Irish Love Song

Arranged by N. CLIFFORD PAGE

*p*

1. Would God I were the ten-der ap-ple  
2. Yea, would to God I were a-mong the

*molto delicato**legato*

blos-som That floats and falls from off the twisted bough,  
ros-es That lean to kiss you as you float be-tween,

To lie and faint with-in your silk-en  
While on the low-est branch a bud un-

bo-som, Within your silk-en bo-som, as that does now! Or would I were a lit-tle bur-nish'd  
clos-es, A bud un-clos-es to touch you, Queen. Nay, since you will not love, would I were

*colla voce**a tempo**cres.**Allargando*

ap-ple  
grow-ing

For you to pluck me, glid-ing by so cold,  
A hap-py dai-sy in the gar-den path;

While sun and  
That so your

*cre**p**f Allargando*

This air is unknown, but it is preserved in the Petrie collection having been discovered in the county of Londonderry.



*ff* : *rit. e dim.*

shade your robe of lawn will dap - ple, Your robe of lawn, and your hair's spun gold. . . .  
 sil - ver foot might press me go - ing, Might press me go - ing ev - en un - to death! . .

*ff sostenuto e poco dim. mf* *rit.* *p* *colla voce*

## YOUNG RORY O'MORE

SAMUEL LOVER

Origin of Air uncertain  
 Arranged by N. CLIFFORD PAGE  
*Con spirito*

*Allegretto scherzando*

*mf* *rit.* *mp* *a tempo*

1. Young Ro - ry O'More court-ed
2. "In - deed then" says Kathleen "don't
3. "Ar-rah Kathleen, my dar-lint, you've

Kath - a - leen bawn, He was bold as a hawk, and she soft as the dawn; He  
 think of the like, For I half gave a prom - ise to sooth - er - ing Mike; The  
 teaz'd me e - nough, And I've thrash'd for your sake Din - ny Grines and Jim Duff, And I've

wish'd in his heart pret - ty Kath - leen to please And he thought the best way to do  
 ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound; "Faith" says Ro - ry "I'd rath - er love  
 made my - self drink - ing your health quite a baste, So I think af - ter that, I may

The melody has also been credited to Lover, but enough doubt exists in regard to the matter to warrant the statement that its origin is uncertain.

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that was to tease; "Now, Ro - ry, be ais - y," sweet Kathleen would cry, Re - proof on her lip but a  
you than the ground. "Now, Ro - ry, I'll cry, if you don't let me go, Sure I dream ev-'ry night that I'm  
talk to the Priest." Then Ro - ry, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck, So soft and so white, with-out

*ad lib.*

smile in her eye, "With your tricks I don't know in troth, what I'm about, Faith . . you've  
hat - ing you so!" "Oh," says Ro - ry, "that same I'm de - light - ed to hear, . For  
frec - kle or speck, And he looked in her eyes that were beam - ing with light, And he

*express.*

teazed till I've put on my cloak in - side out." "O Jew - el," says Ro - ry "that  
dhramas al - ways go by con - thrai - ries, my dear; O Jew - el, keep dream - ing that  
kissed her sweet lips, don't you think he was right? "Now Ro - ry, leave off, sir, you'll

same is the way "You've thrat - ed my heart for this man - y a day, And 'tis  
same till you die, And bright morn - ing will give dir - ty night the black lie, And 'tis  
hug me no more, That's eight times to - day that you've kissed me be - fore;" "Then

*D.C.*

pleased that I am, and why not to be sure? For 'tis all for good luck" says bold Ro - ry O'More.  
pleased that I am, and why not to be sure? Since 'tis all for good luck" says bold Ro - ry O'More.  
here goes an - oth - er" says he to "make sure, For there's luck in odd numbers" says Ro - ry O'More.

*D.C.*

## THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

THOMAS MOORE

Air: "The Dandy O!"

1. The young May moon is  
2. Now all the world is

*Allegretto.**mf**p**p*

beam - ing, love, The glow-worm's lamp is gleam - ing, love, How sweet to rove Thro'  
sleep - ing, love, But the sage, his star-watch keep - ing, love, And I, whose star, More

*sf**cres.*

Mor - na's grove, While the drow - sy world is dream - ing, love, Then a - wake, the heav'n's look  
glo - rious far, Is the eye from that casement peep - ing, love, Then a - wake, till rise of

*poco rit.*

bright, my dear, 'Tis nev - er too late for de - light, my dear, And the best of all ways To  
sun, my dear, The Sa - ge's glass we'll shun, my dear, Or in watch - ing the flight Of

*poco rit.*

length - en our days, Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear.  
bod - ies of light, He might hap - pen to take thee for one, my dear.





# The Clippinger Class-Method of Voice Culture

by D. A. CLIPPINGER

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